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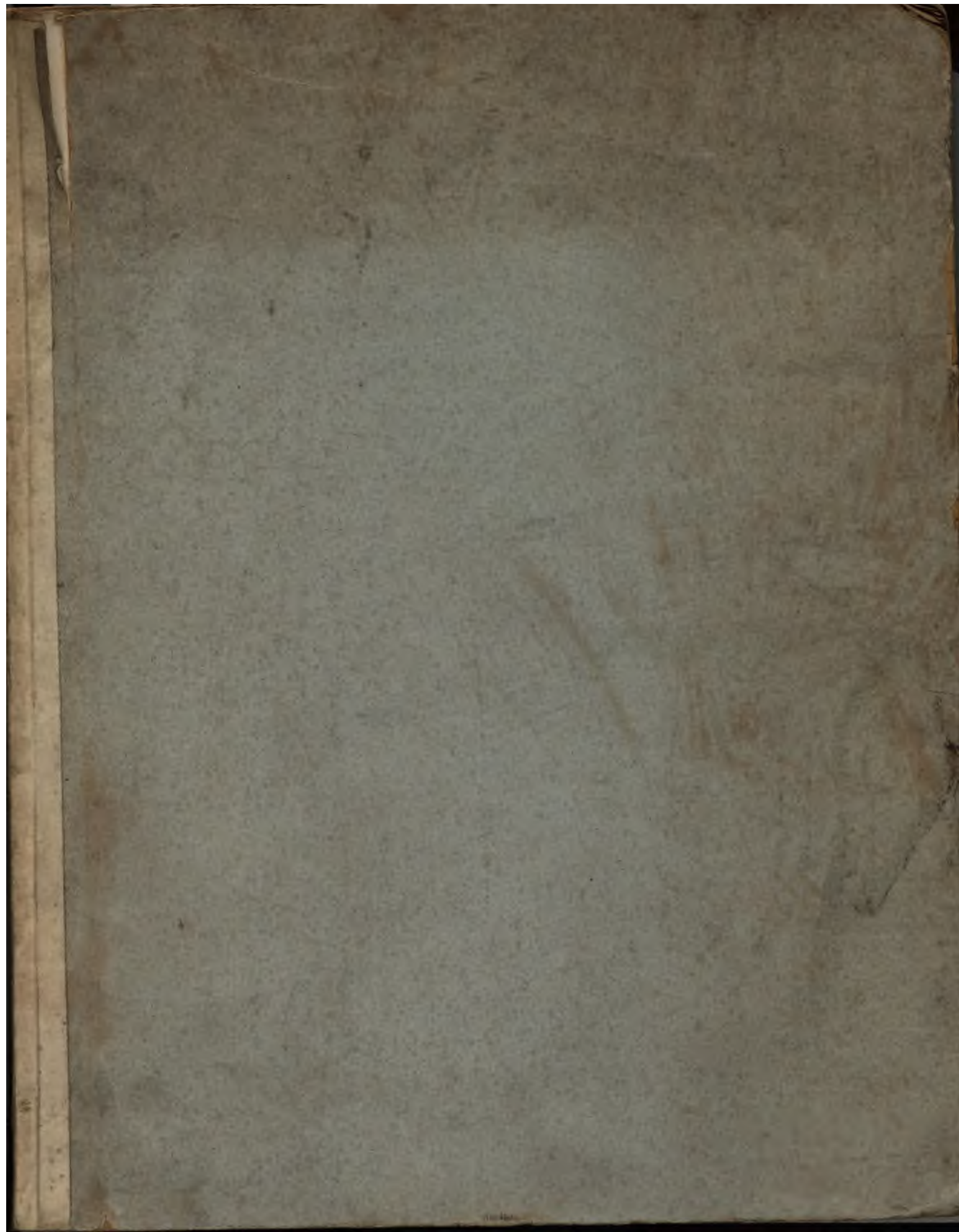
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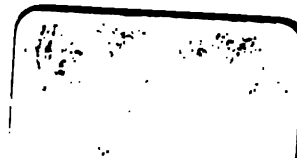
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No. 1.

ONE PENNY.

SONGS



FOR

SOLDIERS

BY

W. C. BENNETT,

Author of "Songs for Sailors," "Sea Songs," "Songs by a Song Writer," &c., &c.

CONTENTS.

Isandula, January 22nd, 1879.

How Melville Saved the Colours.

How Smith Spiked his Guns.

Chard & Bromhead at Rorke's Drift.

With the "Manora."

Song of The K. D. G's.

The Soldier's Way.

The Men of the Clubs.

Song of The Connaught Rangers.

"Good Luck to the Soldier!"

Song of The Welsh Fusiliers.

Bibles and Rifles.

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2806. d. 6.

PREFACE AND DEDICATION.



I WANT to get Poetry to the People. Is it at present much more than the toy of the rich and the luxury of the educated? I want our living Poets to be the consolers and the rejoicers of the workshop, the barrack-room, and the forecabin, as well as the friends of the library and the drawing-room.

I have written these "Songs for Soldiers," as I did my "Songs for Sailors," for the very class they take their name from, and publish them in a form and at a price which will place them within the reach of all purchasers. They are in the language of the People, in everyday Saxon English. Let them do their work, and I am satisfied. Let them keep up that spirit which won Blenheim and Waterloo, and stormed Badajos and Delhi. I love peace—I hate war. But all Europe is armed to the teeth, and is it for us to be Quakers yet? I say "No," and the mass of Englishmen will echo that answer. Strength and preparedness to fight secure peace. Sad it is that we must be, as all other nations are, so unchristian and so barbarous; but the millennium is not here yet, and while murderers and thieves are, policemen must be a necessity. Armies are the police of nations. In conclusion,

I DEDICATE THESE "SONGS FOR SOLDIERS"

TO THE OFFICERS OF ALL RANKS,

AND TO THE RANK AND FILE OF THE BRITISH ARMY,

TO AID IN MAINTAINING IN ALL THAT SPIRIT WHICH HAS CONQUERED

ON SO MANY BATTLEFIELDS, AND WHICH,

IF WE ARE DRIVEN INTO WAR, I KNOW WELL

"WILL FIGHT AND WILL CONQUER AGAIN AND AGAIN."

GREENWICH,

March, 1879.

W. C. BENNETT.

SONGS FOR SOLDIERS,

BY W. C. BENNETT,

Author of "Songs for Sailors," "Sea Songs," "Songs by a Song Writer," &c.

ISANDULA.—Jan. 22nd., 1879.

A shudder through England,
The fierce flush we know
When the cheek burns with shame
From a foul sudden blow ;
A spasm of anguish
And rage, as 'tis read
How the fell savage slaughtered
And mangled our dead.
Yet one thought lights our darkness,
Yes—well, well we know
They fell to a man,
With their fronts to the foe.

We knew it ; outnumbered,
All fighting they fell ;
We needed no tidings
That proud tale to tell ;
They sprang of a blood
'Kin to that of old Rome,
Of hearts to which weakness
And fear cannot come.
Weary weeks we have fevered
And hungered to know,
How, fighting, they fell,
Dealing death to their foe.

And now, with the tidings
For which we so crave,
We flush with the glory
That hallows our brave.
Never doubt, O ye nations,
Our race is the same,
That has starred every land
With the steps of its fame.
These were as their fathers,
That well, now we know,
As we read how they fell
Dealing death to their foe.

Our vengeance sweeps seaward :
Hark ! list to that shout,
As our soldiers to glory
And victory steam out :
South, South, England's succours,
With fierce gladness go ;
Let Zululand wail
For the swift coming woe ;
Our might wipes our shame out,
And smites the race low,
That crushed down our brave,
Dealing death to their foe.

HOW MELVILLE SAVED THE COLOURS OF THE 24th AT ISANDULA.

Now, to listen, don't fail, to my glorious tale,—
The tale that, my boys, I'll tell,
Of a deed that was done, and a fame that was won,
And a death that was died right well ;
And I'll pledge you my word, that, boys, you'll be stirred
With delight, mixed up well with wrath,
As I sing you, with pride, of how Melville died
For the flag of his 24th.

The Zulus all night stole round us ; with light,
They swarmed down to where we lay ;
Their black ranks of miles, ringed in our small files,
Front, flanks, rear and all were they ;
Not a man thought of flight ; no, we gave them but
fight ;
We fought with despair and wrath,
And never a flinch, killed back, inch by inch,
As you'd guess of the 24th.

Well, through us, at length, they broke in their strength,
And their assegais stabbed us fast,
And we could but kill, and kill with a will,
For the end, it was here at last ;
Then, from out of the hell of curse, moan and yell,
Mounted well, dashed our Melville forth,
From the fast dying strife,— not to save his own life,
But the flag of his 24th.

His chance was but small, scarce any at all,
To break the fell Zulus through,
That barred thick his way to the river that lay
To be swum ; but no fear he knew.
He spurred with a rush through the thick of the crush,
Flanks all blood, and nostrils all froth ;
Through their assegais, swift he drove for Rorke's Drift,
With the flag of his 24th.

'Twas a fearful leap, for the banks were deep,
And the Buffalo's flood ran red,
But sheer down he went : to save, men, he meant,
Those colours, alive or dead.
A word to his horse, and the water's force,
It stemmed, and all drip and froth,
It bore Melville to land, with, grasped in his hand,
The flag of his 24th.

But as he drew breath, he felt he'd got death ;
Ball and assegai, thrust and blow
Had well done their work ; not one could he shirk
As he burst through the murdering foe ;
His fight it was fought, but he smiled as he thought,
More than life, men, the thought was worth,
That safe with him, where he fell, they'd find there
The flag of his 24th.

And his horse was doomed too, that right well he knew,
It had tasted of spear and ball;
And, less and less strong, it galloped along,
Then came down with a last dead fall;
And there Melville died, by his dead steed's side,—
A year's life the sight was worth;
For I swear he looked grand, as we unclasped his hand
From the flag of his 24th.

HOW SMITH SPIKED HIS GUNS AT ISANDULA.

Oh, ar'n't we to-day our fathers' sons?
Hear how one of us dying spiked his guns;
And I ask you can any one flush us with
A nobler deed than that of this Smith?
So listen, for thus the story runs,
How this boast of the R. A.s spiked his guns.

A thousand we, twenty thousand they,
Cursed blacks, but no flinchers we're bound to say;
And we little dreamed as we camped us there,
That those Zulus to dash on our ranks would dare;
But round us they swarmed,—black miles of men,
And as they swarmed down, we knew them then:

Twenty thousand at least, and with never a fear,
Straight at us they came, front, flank and rear;
Hundreds we dropped, but from every side
They closed, so we killed and killed and died;
Of course of the R. A.s no one runs.
And that hour they fought and died at their guns:

They had cut lanes well as the blacks came down,
And they died all true to their corps' renown;
They fought to kill and kill, dying well,
Ringed round with slain blacks where they fell;
And none that died in that hell, died with
A braver deed than their Major Smith.

His was death in a moment, he saw that clear,—
He knew that, of course, without scare or fear;
A moment, and then, stabbed down he'd fall,
But he went for his duty, and that was all;
But useless guns those devils should win,
And he died as he drove the last spike in.

I say, and you'll say, that the man that could do
His work like that was a hero true;
And well may his R. A.s boast with pride
Of how, hammer in hand, their Major died;
And that tale they'll tell to their sons' sons' sons,—
Smith died, but dying, he spiked his guns.

CHARD AND GONVILLE BROMHEAD AT RORKE'S DRIFT.—January 22nd, 1879.

Now draw round, my boys, and our chant let us lift
About Bromhead and Chard, and the men of Rorke's Drift;
At cursed Isandula, we fought and we fell,
And, falling, the 24th sold their lives well;
But at Rorke's Drift we'd men who were cautious, not rash,
And they took the right steps the black devils to thrash;
And thrash them they did, as we very well know,
As is also known well to black Cetywayo.

Drunk with slaughter they came; reeking foul with the
blood
Of our slain, down upon us they swept in a flood,
Just time we had had to entrench us with sacks
And meat-cans, and there we stood game, for the blacks;
There were but sixty of us, but there, boys, we stood,
And, I swear, men, not one but for true work was good;
If we were to go under, by God! we'd die hard;
So we said, and, you'll guess, so meant Bromhead and
Chard.

How jolly it is under such men to fight!
They may be swells at home, but a-field they're all right;
Plucked as well as the best of the mere rank and file,
Just as ready to dare and to die with a smile;
Oh, don't you now sneer at the men of Pall Mall;
They're blood, through and through; they can fight;
they can fall;
They can die with a laugh, and, by Heaven! they die
hard;
We can trust 'em, as we did our Bromhead and Chard.

And now we know well, if they'd hands good for fight,
They'd heads, too, to think; that's why here we're all
right;
'Twas the meal-sacks that saved us, for, boys, but for
those,
Their thousands with our tens had managed to close;
Then we too had gone under, speared down too that
day;
As, but hours since, our best had been, ten miles away;
All reckless, they fought in the open, and fell;
Entrenched, we'd a far different story to tell.

Yet there's not much of it: 'twas fire and fire,
And, dropping their scores fast as we could desire,
By Jove, they're worth fighting; they keep you awake,
And you're asses, if Zulus, for women, you take;
They're plucky as we are, though naked as sin,
And they'd made up their minds, men, to die or to win;
They were mad from their victory and ran us hard,
For twelve hours; but we beat under Bromhead and
Chard.

You'll see, boys, that Bromhead was in the right place
As well as our Chard, for he's of the right race:
The Bromheads, from father to father, have led
Where the bravest have conquered, the boldest have
bled;
Gonville Bromhead's own father enjoyed Waterloo;
Some half a score Bromheads the Army has, too;
And wherever a Bromhead or Chard is, they swear
They're but of one sort, men: true, real grit is there.

They fired our hospital; that was their trick;
To the Store House we got all but five of the sick;
Curse the devils! our bullets they jolly well earnt;
For those five, they were speared, by those Zulus or
burnt;
So we set our teeth harder, and from sack and store,
We gave them death, so that they skulked more and
more,
And, at five, they made off; for our columns appeared,
And they wouldn't wait for them; and, God! how we
cheered.

We were safe, and we counted around eighteen score
 We'd dropped; not such bad work; they'd borne away
 more,
 And their wounded, and gone home and perhaps not
 forgot,
 In their victory-songs, was our peppering hot.
 That they'd tasted in those dozen hours they'd spent
 With us. With our gifts, boys, we hope they're content;
 Chelmsford thanked us; just twelve was our twelve
 hours' loss;
 And hurrah! Chard and Bromhead are booked for The
 Cross.

WITH THE "MANORA"—Feb. 22nd, 1879.

"The 'Manora' left the Victoria Dock at one o'clock, Saturday. The scene at the Dock Gates as the great vessel was hauled out was a stirring one. A large number of the troops congregated aft and sang 'Hearts of Oak,' as they moved away. The closing words of the chorus, 'We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again,' were sung with such spirit that the martial fire communicated itself to a crowd on shore, where the patriotic strain was cheered to the echo."—*Daily News*, February 24th.

As we gazed on her, crowded and starting, we heard
 From her clustering soldiers the old noble strain,
 That has Britain's grand might in its every proud word,
 "We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again."
 And the hearts of the thousands whose gaze tracked,
 along

The waters, our troopers upon their war-way,
 Responsive, back thundered the brave British song
 In whose tones rings the greatness that knows no decay.
 Steam on, filled "Manora;" alike deck and shore
 Are one in the passion that swells that refrain;
 We must hear of defeat and of shame never more,
 No, "We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again."

Who doubts it? our England has all her old might,
 Though the swarms of the savage, her handful of men
 Surged round and engulfed, did they die without fight?
 They fought till they fell to a man—and what then?
 Were they conquered? The assegais' fell stabs might pile
 Their bodies till no more they dealt their foes death,
 But their spirits, unvanquished, defeat down could smile,
 For, dealing destruction, they drew their last breath.
 Their fathers' true sons, to the fame they were true
 Of their race that has conquered on land and on main;
 Go, glorying in them, their avengers, you too
 "Will fight and will conquer again and again."

THE SONG OF THE K. D. G. s.

(THE FIRST, THE KING'S DRAGOON GUARDS.)

Of all the regiments famous
 Our Army Roll can boast,
 Amongst the first they name us,
 The one that now I toast;
 Our colours see, and there, men,
 You read the names that tell
 How we can do and dare, men,
 And where we've done right well.

For we're the Fighting First, my boys;
 When our plumes the battle sees,
 It knows where Victory rides, my boys,
 Along with the K. D. G.'s.

At Forfar first they knew us,
 Then next we forced the Boyne,
 At Steinkirk, then at Blenheim,
 The Monsieurs tried our coin;
 The Queen's Horse, then we tasted
 Oudenarde and Malplaquet,
 And at each a heap of laurels
 From France we tore away.

For we're the Fighting First, my boys;
 When our plumes the battle sees,
 It knows where Victory's riding, boys,
 Along with the K. D. G.'s.

At Dettingen, soon after,
 We rode their troopers down,
 And even from grim Fontenoy
 We gathered new renown;
 Who, charging, rode before us
 Through the hell of Waterloo,
 Or at the red Tchernaya,
 Or the forts of the Taku?

For we're the Fighting First, my boys;
 When our plumes the battle sees,
 It knows where Victory rides, my boys,
 Along with the K. D. G.'s.

Now, luck to the good steamer
 That bears us fast and far,
 To where the murdering Caffres,
 The slaughtering Zulus are;
 Edge, edge the sabre keener,
 And well the carbine clean;
 To pay the curs'd debt we owe,
 How truly, men, we mean.

For we're the Fighting First, my boys;
 When our plumes the battle sees,
 It knows where Victory rides, my boys,
 Along with the K. D. G.'s.

THE SOLDIER'S WAY.

If you would win a woman, man,
 Be not too hot in wooing;
 Be just as careless as you can,
 And you she'll be pursuing;
 If you fly her, she'll track you,
 If you're silent, she will woo;
 In your suit but have some daring;
 Seem still for her lightly caring,
 Then for you she'll spread her lure,
 Care your favour to secure;
 Man, be bold, and you will win her;
 Whining, man, will never do;
 Think she's an entrenchment, sinner;
 In and win! so soldiers woo.

Oh, nonsense! we old soldiers know
 The game too well to lose it;
 A beggar to her if you go,
 Her love she will refuse it;
 Show her, boy, you're your own man,
 Then she'll catch you, if she can;

Be a man, boy, scorn to fawn, boy,
 All her coldness straight is gone, boy;
 Watch her; she her airs forgets;
 See her; how she spreads her nets;
 As you storm a trench, then win her,
 Think her a gun; the trick you'll do;
 Carry her with a rush, you sinner;
 That's the way that soldiers woo.

THE MEN OF THE CLUBS.

They say we're mere swells—we men of Pall Mall,
 That to lounge Piccadilly, our sort it just suits;
 Fit for flirting and dining, champagne, and that's all,—
 That we're good for nought else, we who study our
 boots;
 Because we turn out for the Parks with no specks,
 And, perhaps, drawl a bit, we're not fit for hard rubs;
 Well, they know across country we do risk our necks,
 And that deer stalking suits us,—we men of the Clubs.

We've their jokes and their sneers; we're Dundrearies of
 course;
 We've no heads, hands or hearts; we are vicious and
 weak;
 But we pull in an eight, we can ride a good horse
 In a steeplechase, not of some things else to speak.
 Will they swim with us, ride, box or bring down their
 bird?
 We'll take some cool hundreds, we're fit for hard rubs,
 As much as our critics, we swells so absurd;
 Will they clear wall or gate with us men of the Clubs?

When gentleman George set the cut of all coats,
 How us Guardsmen they voted as mere dandies then;
 Well, Waterloo came; if they'd taken the votes
 Of those that we led there, they'd found we were men;
 Were we not as cool there, where the fire was hell,
 As at home on parade; we can give and take rubs
 With the best. Can't the Alma and Inkermann tell,
 That we're grit like our fathers, we men of the Clubs?

We daresay we do set some value on race,
 And think that there's something in blood and a
 name;
 We know that they doubt it, and say that, change place,
 Of pluck, rank and file, would show all just the same;
 We don't say they wouldn't, we're Englishmen all,
 And all, high or low, have been good to take rubs;
 We're all game right through; good to fight and to fall;
 Don't say we can't do both—we men of the Clubs.

THE SONG OF THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

(THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH FOOT.)

If you're the boys, by day and night,
 To trail your coats and coax a fight;
 If dealing knocks is your delight,
 And courting death and dangers,

Why then, my broths of boys, I say,
 To get just all you want, the way
 Is not at home, in peace, to stay,
 But join us Connaught Rangers.

For we're the boys, the very first,
 Where fire is hell, to dare the worst,
 To feel ourselves with ill luck curst
 Away from death and dangers;
 When others funk and back in fear,
 The cry is, "Send the devils here!"
 And, Faugh a Ballagh boys, we clear
 The way—we Connaught Rangers.

Before us boys—our Harp and Crown,
 Bedads, but how the French went down!
 In Egypt how we bagged renown,
 And danced through death and dangers!
 On Talavera's bloody hill
 We held the post of peril still
 And gave the brave Mounseers their fill
 Of fight—we Connaught Rangers.

For we're the boys, the very first,
 Where fire is hell, to dare the worst,
 To feel ourselves with ill luck curst
 Away from death and dangers;
 When others funk and back in fear,
 The cry is, "Send the devils here!"
 And Faugh a Ballagh boys, we clear
 The way—we Connaught Rangers.

Busaco, how we heaped with dead!
 "Press on the rascals!" Wallace said,
 And down the cliffs, heels over head,
 We kicked the Gallic strangers;
 For that Old Hook-Nose threw us thanks.
 At Fuentes D'Onoro, pranks
 We cut that floored Massena's ranks:
 They disliked Connaught Rangers.

For we're the boys, the very first,
 Where fire is hell, to dare the worst,
 To feel ourselves with ill luck curst
 Away from death and dangers.
 Where others funk and back in fear,
 The cry is, "Send the devils here!"
 And, Faugh a Ballagh boys, we clear
 The way—we Connaught Rangers.

Ciudad Rodrigo's breach was hot:
 Said Picton, "Give 'em steel, not shot!"
 We did the trick that night; for what
 To us were death and dangers?
 And Badajos our pluck can tell;
 Its Castle's fire was very hell,
 But on we went—but how we fell
 With Ridge!—we Connaught Rangers!

For we're the boys, the very first,
 Where fire is hell, to dare the worst,
 To feel ourselves with ill luck curst
 Away from death and dangers.
 When others funk and back in fear,
 The cry is, "Send the devils here!"
 And, Faugh a Ballagh boys, we clear
 The way—we Connaught Rangers.

At Salamanca, we were next,
And Marmont there we much perplexed,
In fact we quite the Frenchmen vexed
By liking death and dangers ;
We saw the bristling height ahead :
" Loose them ! " our gallant Packenham said ;
The crags we heaped with Frenchmen dead,
They hated Connaught Rangers.

For we're the boys, the very first,
Where fire is hell, to dare the worst,
To feel ourselves with ill luck curst
Away from death and dangers ;
Where others funk and back in fear,
The cry is, " Send the devils here ! "
And, Faugh a Ballagh boys, we clear
The way—we Connaught Rangers.

But now we had the noblest game :
When History breathes Vittoria's name
It loves to tell the glorious fame
We won through death and dangers ;
The Pyrenees our deeds can tell ;
At Orthez' fight we did right well ;
The best of all the work still fell
To us—the Connaught Rangers.

For we're the boys, the very first,
Where fire is hell, to dare the worst,
To feel ourselves with ill luck curst
Away from death and dangers ;
When others funk and back in fear,
The cry is, " Send the devils here ! "
And, Faugh a Ballagh boys, we clear
The way—we Connaught Rangers.

'Twas peace for years ; the old delight
Again we tasted when the height
Of the Alma rose before our sight
And offered death and dangers ;
But, though their Menschikoff might fuss,
His bluster little flustered us ;
We came ; off scurried every Russ
From us, the Connaught Rangers.

For we're the boys, the very first,
Where fire is hell, to dare the worst,
To feel ourselves with ill luck curst
Away from death and dangers ;
When others funk and back in fear,
The cry is, " Send the Devils here ! "
And, Faugh a Ballagh boys, we clear
The way—we Connaught Rangers.

Up Inkermann, the Russians stole ;
The work was warm ; upon my soul,
We got our fill, upon the whole,
Our gorge of death and dangers ;
What gray-clad thousands up they sent !
To eat us all alive they meant ;
That was a fight, but off they went,
Rolled down by Connaught Rangers.

For we're the boys, the very first,
Where fire is hell, to dare the worst ;
To feel ourselves with ill luck curst
Away from death and dangers ;
When others funk and back in fear,
The cry is, " Send the devils here ! "
And, Faugh a Ballagh boys, we clear
The way—we Connaught Rangers.

Then came long work in mine and trench ;
The Quarries next we tried to wrench
From Todleben ; we didn't blench,
Though there were death and dangers ;
To see the play right through, we stayed ;
Sebastopol our own we made ;
That war won't come, we're sore afraid,
We idle Connaught Rangers.

For we're the boys, the very first,
Where fire is hell, to dare the worst,
To feel ourselves with ill luck curst
Away from death and dangers ;
When others funk and back in fear,
The cry is, " Send the devils here ! "
And Faugh a Ballagh boys, we clear,
The way—we Connaught Rangers.

" GOOD LUCK TO THE SOLDIER ! "

Yes, though our proud story
On ocean is grand,
We'll match it with glory
We've won on the land ;
When of Nelson you're boasting,
Oh never forget,
We've heroes we're toasting
At mess-tables yet ;
So up with the glass, boys,
And round the toast pass, boys,
I give you " Good luck to the Soldier ! "

What land can you name us—
Ay, can you find one,
That we've not made famous
And fought there and won ?
What race, but before us,
Some time has gone down,
When victory bore us
Full flood to renown ?
So up with the glass, boys,
And round the toast pass, boys,
I give you " Good luck to the Soldier ! "

Don't turn up your eyes, friend,
As if we were lent
As brands earth supplies, friend,
Quite plain, for Nick meant.
We safe guard your freedom
Despite all your fuss,
Your prayers—would they heed 'em ?
But Despots mind us ;
So up with the glass, boys,
And round the toast pass, boys,
I give you, " Good luck to the Soldier ! "

THE SONG OF THE WELSH FUSILIERS.

(THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT.)

If the regiment you'd know that at fight makes no bones,
It's the regiment that boasts of Lloyd, Evans, and Jones ;
It's the Cymri as firm in the battle's fierce shocks,
When dashed on by foes, as Plinlimmon's own rocks ;

It's the Cymri that, charging upon the foe, pour
With their Rhyader Mawdarch's fierce rush and deep roar;
It's the men of the mountains that, odds, laugh to scorn,
It's the lads Cader Idris and Snowdon saw born,
The race that for ages has scoffed at all fears,
It's our own glorious selves, boys, the Welsh Fusiliers.

Then up with the toast,
Here's Britain's best boast,

"Our own glorious regiment, the Welsh Fusiliers!"

Ich Dien and the Plume, see, our proud colours bear;
The Prince's Own know how to do and to dare;
If who are the boldest? were put to the vote,
Should we be the hindmost, we lads of the goat;
O'er the billows of battle, our flag loves to fly,
Where the carnage is fellest we conquer or die;
Never went back our feet from the slaughter; men tell
The Red Dragon's brood always vanquished or fell;
And Victory streams through all fields on the cheers
Of her best and her bravest, her Welsh Fusiliers.

Then up with the toast,
Here's Britain's best boast,

"Our own glorious regiment, the Welsh Fusiliers!"

What we've done, these two centuries, who has not heard?
How often our deeds have all hearts at home stirred;
"Nec aspera terrent" to all climes we've borne,
And 'neath it, what laurels from foes we have torn!
Did Minden or Egypt our presence not know?
How swift at Corunna we smote back the foe!
Who knows not how red Albura was lost,
Till our bayonets the French from its mountain crags
tossed?
How the trenches of Badajos rang with our cheers?
How Sorauren was won by us Welsh Fusiliers?

Then up with the toast,
Here's Britain's best boast,

"Our own glorious selves, boys, the Welsh Fusiliers!"

At Blenheim we fought, Ramilies, Malplaquet,
At Dettingen, Tournay, on Oudenarde's day;
And at Salamanca and Orthez we gave
Our living to glory, our slain to the grave;
The Pyrenees and the Nivelle we fought through,
And we finished Old Boney at grim Waterloo;
At the Alma, all know at the Russ Great Redoubt,
We redcoats went in and the graycoats went out;
They withered before us. Anstruther might lead,
The Royal Welsh tracked swift their falling boy's speed;
The flag that he planted, we fixed with fierce cheers,
And we claimed guns and all for the Welsh Fusiliers.

Then up with the toast,
Here's Britain's best boast,

"Our own glorious selves, boys, the Welsh Fusiliers!"

Of late, we've but known lives of peace and parade,
And, with home life and quiet, acquaintance we've made;
With the girls we kill time, for with them we're A 1,
But not much with the rifle and bayonet we've done;
And restless we grow in these dull days of peace;
We're fevering these tame times of sham fights may cease;

We're hungering for action; we're thirsting for fun;
We long for the music of rifle and gun;
Let them give us a chance, and they need have no fears
But we'll prove us to-day, boys, true Welsh Fusiliers.

Then up with the toast,
Here's Britain's best boast,

"Our own glorious selves, boys, the Welsh Fusiliers!"

BIBLES AND RIFLES.

Oh, we've an odd way of Christianizing
These Caffres and such; our mode's surprising;
This minute the Bible and Christ we preach,
The next to our Martini rifles we reach.

It's pleasant to us the heathen to bore
With the Gospel of Peace—but then
Next moment, our smite-the-cheek fit is o'er,
And again we're hunting men.

For we were made to hunt, my boys,
And it doesn't much matter whether
It's fox, or tiger, or man, my boys,
Or all of the three together.

Of course in theory we're quite saintly,
But in practice our piety comes out faintly.
For to Gospel truths that we softly say,
We add conical bullets; that's our way.
And it puzzles the browns and blacks and such,
When we're out to chase and slay,
Why the Gospel peace we've preached so much
We've so very much stowed away.

But hunters born are we, my boys,
And to us it matters not whether
It's fox, or Afghan, or Zulu, boys,
Or all of the three together.

None of your nonsense; were you saying
We should be praying with and not slaying
The savages we're improving to-day
From the lands we're wanting, to heaven, away?
Ah, the Old Adam, they plain reveal
Those twinklings in your eyes,
And I very well know how, man, you'll feel,
When the Special a fight supplies.

For we're all of us hunters born, my boys,
And it doesn't much matter whether
It's fox or Afghan, or Caffre, boys,
Or all of the three together.

"Injuns is pison," the Yankee creed is,
And of whatever land the savage breed is,
We act that faith very plain to-day,
Whatever at lazy times we say.

For manifold destiny teaches us
We've a mission to barbarous lands,
Their savages first with our tongues to fuss,
Then to slaughter them with our hands.

For we are hunters born, my boys,
And bound to slaughter, whether
It's fox, or Afghan, or Zulu, boys,
Or all of the three together.

No. 3 will be ready May 1st.

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SONGS FOR SOLDIERS

BY

W. C. BENNETT,

Author of "Songs for Sailors," "Sea Songs," "Songs by a Song Writer," &c., &c.

CONTENTS.

Song of The Dirty Half-Hundred
The Girls we've left behind us.
My Faith.
Song of The Fighting Buffs.
A Soldier am I.
The Delhi Magazine.
Round the Camp-Fire.

Before the Battle.
Our Soldiers' Creed.
Song of The Black Watch.
Green Richmond.
Our Country, right or wrong.
Camp Philosophy.

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BY W. C. BENNETT.

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C. KEGAN PAUL & Co., PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON.

SONGS FOR SOLDIERS,

BY W. C. BENNETT,

Author of "Songs for Sailors," "Sea Songs," "Songs by a Song Writer," &c.

THE DIRTY HALF-HUNDRED:

THE FIFTIETH.

I can't tell you all in my song,
Of the fun, boys, through which we have thundered,
But the Regiment that never is wrong
For fight, is the Dirty Half-Hundred.
And I'll do my best now to bring in
Some good things we've given to story,
For we've always gone in, boys, to win,
And we've almost a too much of glory;
For whether 'twas field, trench, or breach,
With cold steel, through all we have thundered;
And we did well the best work in each,—
We boys of the Dirty Half-Hundred.

A habit she has, that lass Fame,
Still fondly of us to be talking;
When she hits on Corunna's red name,
Our deeds there she will be up-chalking;
And it's pleasant to hear her so loud;
Our hearts, the dear girl will be warming;
Of us, boys, Oh, isn't she proud
About Badajos and its cursed storming?
Then she swears our tough work we did well
At Almaraz: 'twas there the French wondered
When we swarmed up its walls and it fell
To the cheers of us Dirty Half-Hundred.

How those Sikhs fought at Ferozeshah
And Moodke, our boys quite delighting
With hell fire; but there, boys, hurrah!
How we settled their hash with real fighting!
At Aliwal, there, too, 'twas we
Did the trick, that too warm village storming;
And all, at Sobraon, agree
We gave the brave brownies a warming.
'Twas a nice batch of battles we're sure;
At what we did in them, they wondered,
But its us, boys, they never could cure
Of glorying the Dirty Half-Hundred.

Then we stormed up the Alma's steep hill,
In spite of its great, big redoubt, boys;
In Inkermann's fog, with a will,
We sent the grey-coats right about, boys;
They all of them love us enough
To call us their Dirty ones; meanly
Do they think about us? That's stuff;
They know we do all our work cleanly.
Since then the Maoris we've seen;
First to last, how the whole world has wondered
At the real fighting devils we've been,—
We, the boys of the Dirty Half-Hundred!

THE GIRLS WE'VE LEFT BEHIND US.

Oh, Mike, to be at home, my boy,
With the girls from whom we're far;
Now, is it not well to roam, my boy,
To find how dear they are?
Here's to the colleens far, my boy!
How loving, Mike, they'll find us,
When once more at home with them we are!
Here's "The Girls we've left behind us!"

The eyes you love are blue, my boy,
And mine are Irish gray,
But whatever may be their hue, my boy,
How we see them here to-day!
How, in thought and dreams, they rise, my boy!
How, in tent and in fight, we mind us,
How dear to us are the eyes, my boy,
Of the Girls we've left behind us!

Oh, when I think of her, my boy,
And her darling, coaxing smile,
To live, I swear, I prefer, my boy,
And not to be dropped awhile;
For it makes one almost fear, my boy,
That a bullet or lance may find us,
When we think, then no more we'll be dear, my boy,
To the Girls we've left behind us.

MY FAITH.

"Peace and good will to all men," well,
Who wills it more than I?
Who longs more that no pen need tell
Of war's cursed devilry?
But yet while Europe lives in arms,
While marshalled millions are,
For England's safety, I've alarms,
Unless she's braced for war.
Therefore her soldiers' deeds I sing,
Nor hold such songs should cease,
Though, to all lands, I fain would bring
The holy reign of peace.

While savages and despots are,
No Quakers, men, are we;
From the Millenium yet we're far,
Nor guess when it will be;
Do lions yet, with lambs lie down?
The tiger still devours;
Needs must we cherish our renown,
And keep our old might ours.

When nations act the faith they hold,
And wars and armies cease,
And savages are in Christ's fold,
Then, then, for careless peace.

Ah me! that time, it comes not yet;
Alas! when will it come,
When men the cannon shall forget,
And fife and drum be dumb?
But while war's might, in every land,
Lives on to threaten us,
My heart's vain longings I withstand,
And all weak Quaker fuss.

Our cheeks no hands unharmed shall smite;
Nor, smitten, will we cease
To hold it well to strike for right,
Howe'er we thirst for peace.

Oh, God, to whom for peace we pray,
Whose angels hymned that song,
Thy Christ's reign why dost Thou delay,
Nor rule down war and wrong?
We all are hungering for that reign,
That bliss we long for sore:
Why must Earth cry to Thee in vain,
To will the death of war?

Why must we, in defence of all
Thou giv'st of good, not cease,
For right, to bid men fight or fall,
And kill to conquer peace?

SONG OF THE BUFFS.

(THE THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT, FORMERLY THE HOLLAND
REGIMENT.)

Oh, we're the boys for glory,
The lads renowned in story;
Old Fame is growing hoary
While her knapsack full she stuffs
With all the deeds we've done, boys,
With the bloody fields we've won, boys,
Where we've bagged such flags and guns, boys,
We—the famous Fighting Buffs.

In Flanders, when we started
Under Vere, we were bold-hearted;
And from then, the days departed
Have never found us muffs;
We stood its worst from Spain, boys,
We paid them well again, boys,
Farnese's best were fain, boys,
To shun us English Buffs.

At Walcourt, Churchill's Own, boys,
We British won alone, boys;
At Steenkirk we were known, boys,
For anything but muffs;
At Landen, Laer, we carried,
And, to Gette, their charges parried;
There to glory we were married
Once again, we Fighting Buffs.

Then Vigo next we took, boys,
With Hobson and with Rooke, boys;
Next Blenheim's fame we book, boys,
And Ramillies',—no muffs;

'Twas for these The Royal Dragon
They put our glorious flag on,
Now it's little room to tag on
More fields of the Fighting Buffs.

At Oudenarde their right, boys,
We turned; that won the fight, boys;
We smashed the French till night, boys;
In Marlborough's fields, no muffs;
At Malplaquet and Lille, boys,
Once more we gave them steel, boys,
At Val, they had to feel, boys,
We were still the Fighting Buffs.

'Neath Abercrombie next, boys,
The Mounseers we perplexed, boys,
And Soult we really vexed, boys,
On Corunna's fields and bluffs;
Our twenty-five the first, boys,
The Douro crossed, and burst, boys,
On Soult's men; how they cursed, boys,
As we crowned the banks, we Buffs.

We were rocks at Talavera;
How, at reeking Albuera,
We gave our best to clear a
Way through Soult's swarming roughs;
At Vittoria once more, boys,
The Frenchmen back we bore, boys;
Bayonne, Toulouse, we score, boys,
Marks for them, we Fighting Buffs.

So we've lots, my boys, to mind us
In the days we've left behind us
That the present still must find us
Just as far from being muffs.
And take it, men, for granted,
Wherever, lads, we're wanted,
The deeds will still be vaunted
Of us—the Fighting Buffs.

A SOLDIER AM I.

I'm a lad to war bred, who's proud to wear the red,
And this coat, and this bearskin you see upon my head,
By the Russians they were seen
On the Alma's slopes of green,
And when Inkermann's grey hill-side we heaped high
with dead;
To fight is my trade, and I never am afraid
For my Queen, lads, to fight, for my country to die;
This medal at my breast and these clasps tell you best
Where I've been—what I've seen, that a soldier am I.

O my grand-dad, before, the red coat he wore;
At Corunna long ago well he fought under Moore;
On Salamanca's plain
He beat the French again,
And through Badajos's breach, quick their best back he
bore;
Now he has a wooden peg, for at Quatre Brass a leg
A round shot took off—so he'll stump till he die;
At Chelsea, safe and snug, with his pipe and his mug,
He tells his old tales, and a soldier am I.

At the Cape in the bush with the Kaffirs I'd a brush ;
 When Canton we storm'd, I went in with the crush ;
 Under Campbell 'twas warm work,
 But they never found me shirk,
 And when Lucknow we took, I was first in the rush ;
 Now I'm home safe and sound, though I've had many a
 wound ;
 This scar's not a beauty ; yet, as I pass them by,
 Many a girl still I see looks a side-look at me :
 O they dearly love the red, and a soldier am I.
 If you'd trust now to some, the French soon will come
 To invade us at home here ; but that's all a hum ;
 Do you think that they'll come here
 To meet a British cheer,
 And to taste English steel to the sound of the drum ?
 Should they have a whim some day to see us in that way,
 We know, boys, they'll come to our shores but to die ;
 With rifle and with steel, I for one will let them feel
 That we're Englishmen yet—for a soldier am I.

HOW THEY WON THE VICTORIA CROSS,

AT THE DELHI MAGAZINE, MAY 11TH, 1857.

Would you know how the first Victoria Cross in India,
 boys, was won,
 By as brave a deed as ever yet by an English hand was
 done ?
 Then heap the fire and listen, men, to the stirring tale
 I'll tell,
 And evermore, or I much mistake, you'll mind the story
 well.
 How our Sepoys mutinied at Meerut, and how they got
 away,
 You've heard ; well, straight to Delhi they came that
 very day ;
 Then our cursed blacks broke loose from us, and the City
 rabble rose,
 And our Magazine in a moment was surged around
 with foes.
 That Monday of May but a handful of our own men were
 there—
 Nine English just, but they were hearts that couldn't
 know despair ;
 And Willoughby, who held the post, you'll see that he
 was one
 Of such men as Britain breeds alone, and the bravest
 'neath the sun.
 The news they caught, and heard the yells, and the rising
 City's roar,
 And straight they closed the heavy gates, and, as miles
 but thirty-four
 Was Meerut off, they waited to catch the British
 cheers
 Of ours that they thought must swiftly come to crush
 the mutineers.
 You may guess, my men, how they listened well to catch
 the coming sound,
 And how they felt when nothing they heard, but the
 hellish yells around ;
 And how, as time went by, they scarce suppressed the
 curse and groan,
 As no succours came, and at last they knew they were
 for good, alone.

But Nine, against those thousands, that Magazine to
 hold,
 But Nine to make it good against those swarms of fiends
 untold ;
 So there was nothing of doubt, my boys, amongst the
 Nine at last,
 And from hope into a different mood 'twas then our
 heroes past.

'Twas as ugly a mood, I tell you, as man can very well
 know,
 A sort of terrible, cold, deep wrath, and hate of the yell-
 ing foe ;
 And cool and calm, without a fuss of chatter or nervous
 haste,
 Though well they knew, that desperate hour, they had
 no time to waste.

They barricaded the gateways safe ; no entry there
 they'd win,
 Then they ran out their two six-pounders—double
 charges they rammed in ;
 And, last, you'll understand the stuff of which those
 men were made,
 When carefully, a quite sure train to the Magazine they
 laid.

Then all was done, and a silence deep and dead was there
 within,
 A contrast strange to the hell without of shriek and
 howl and din ;
 And, when the new-throned King to them his surrender-
 summons sent,
 They answered not, but left the foe to puzzle out what
 they meant.

Six messages sent to summon them, went back without
 reply.
 Why should they waste their breath, in talk, those hell-
 hounds to defy ?
 So they let them froth and threaten and foam and storm
 in vain ;
 They only stood beside their guns and thought upon the
 train.

With hard-drawn breath they listened, though never a
 sound they made,
 Till at last they heard the ladders raised and there came
 the escalade,
 And the Sepoys topping all the walls, and down the
 devils came,
 And from above their plunging fire ringed round the Nine
 with flame.

But as the foe came on, how coolly into the yelling crowd
 Their grape was poured as long as space was, to load and
 fire, allowed ;
 But, ever as scores on scores went down, fresh hundreds
 took their room,
 Then the Nine they knew that their time was come
 themselves and their foes to doom.

Yet one last round, and then the hope of firing more was
 vain,
 And Willoughby just gave the sign, and Scully fired the
 train ;
 And not a man of all the Nine wavered or cared to flinch,
 Or stirred, to stay their comrade's hand, towards him, a
 single inch.

And in a moment rose the roar and the white clouds of smoke,
 That told to still-struck Delhi, butchering Britons was no joke;
 For that earthquake-shock sent up a rush of riven flesh and bones,
 And, where a thousand Sepoys yelled, there were only limbs and groans.
 The deed was done; no cartridge from out that huge magazine,
 From out a Rebel's rifle, to floor us, would be seen;
 Scully and four were seen no more—the death they dared, they died;
 You won't forget them, nor should their land, betide whate'er betide.
 Some minutes more, at the main guard, that yet by us was kept,
 Two figures, scarcely human, within its shelter stept;
 All dust and smoke, clothes rent, blood-stained—with faces masked so black,
 You hardly knew that they were men, they staggered in, good lack!
 These spectres grim were Willoughby and Forrest. God knows how
 Death spared them. Forrest reached Meerut and may be living now;
 But Willoughby but 'scaped to die, cut down upon his way;
 Raynor and Buckley got safe in and are perhaps alive to-day.
 George Forrest, William Raynor, John Buckley—those are the names
 Of the three who got the Victoria Cross, and their mention England shames;
 They didn't get anything more, my men, than the bare Victoria Cross,
 And why they didn't get very much more, to know, I'm at a loss.
 And that's the tale I said I'd tell; that's how the deed was done,
 By which the first Victoria Cross in India was won.
 And that 'twas well won, I swear, my boys, not one of you'll deny,
 And if one does, why I, Tom Smith, will give him straight the lie.

ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

Now the sentries are set,
 And the pickets are out,
 Let us danger forget
 And the can send about;
 We're alive still and gay;
 Round our camp fire let's sing;
 Why care, boys, to-day,
 What to-morrow may bring?
 Now the sentries are set,
 And the pickets are out,
 Let us bother forget
 And the can send about.
 Good Lord! how we range,
 Through all climes 'neath the sun!
 Through all lands far and strange,
 English work must be done;

To-day the Afghan
 And the Kaffir we thrash;
 And to-morrow? well, man,
 To talk worry is trash;
 Now the sentries are set,
 And the pickets are out,
 Let us bother forget
 And the can send about.
 But wherever we roam
 From the eyes that we love,
 We'll still think of home,
 'Neath the strange stars above;
 And dear, boys, to me
 Is the girl whose fond eyes
 For ever I see
 'Neath these far, foreign skies;
 Now the sentries are set,
 And the pickets are out,
 Let us bother forget,
 And our girls toast about.

It makes one love life
 As the fair face I see,
 And the smile of the wife
 Who's so far, far from me;
 I'm married; you're not;
 Well, here's to each dear
 Of the girls not forgot;
 How we wish they were here!
 Now the sentries are set,
 And the pickets are out,
 Let us bother forget,
 And the girls toast about.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Oh Lord, who dealest death or life,
 Oh God, to Thee I pray,
 Be with me in the bloody strife,
 And guard my life to-day!
 Where balls are thickest, there I go,
 While I have living breath;
 No thought of fear my heart can know,
 No coward scare from death.
 But yet, O Lord, be it Thy will,
 I pray, no bloody grave
 This form of mine to-day shall fill;
 Be with me, Lord, and save!
 Why do I cry for life to Thee?
 Thou know'st, Lord, not from fear;
 No weakness, God, thou see'st in me,
 A soldier's heart is here.
 Not for myself, my cry shall come,
 Lord, shield me in the strife!
 But for the dear ones left at home,
 And for, O God! my wife.
 Oh, should I fall, those hearts at home,
 How could they bear to know
 That never more my steps would come
 To meet their love below;
 That never more their father's face,
 These husband's eyes would come,
 To make their sunshine in their place,
 My heaven of earth, my home!

Then be it, Lord, Thy gracious will,
I pray, no bloody grave
This form of mine to-day shall fill;
Be with me, Lord, and save!

OUR SOLDIERS' OREED.

Oh, think not that we love not peace,
Although we wear the sword;
We, too, would have all war to cease;
We hold it, too, abhorred;
Far more than you, perchance, we know,
Its thousand hateful woes,
And therefore more would have it so
No nations should be foes.
But while thieves are, police must be,
While Despots will us wrong,
Right is it, if we would be free,
We should be armed and strong.
Peace dwells with strength. The weak invite
The Powers for rule who lust,
To wreak on them the will of might,
And crush them in the dust.
We hold us, therefore, free from stain,
Though armed for war we stand,
Prepared, ere we a wrong sustain,
To right with blood our land;
For while thieves are, police must be:
While Despots threaten wrong,
Right is it, if we would be free,
We should be armed and strong.

THE SONG OF THE BLACK WATCH.

(THE FORTY-SECOND OR ROYAL HIGHLAND REGIMENT OF FOOT.)

From the homes of the deer and the eagle we come,
From strath and from torrent, from loch and from Ben,
Not a clan of the Highlands but sends to us some
Of its bold Gaelic sons—of its stout mountain men.
Campbells, Grants, and Munroes foremost thronged to
our ranks,
With tartans that flaunted black, blue, and dark green,
Now through our old regiment, from centre to flanks,
Brave hearts from Cape Wrath to the Lowlands are seen.
We come swift and sinewed in brain, limb, and heart,
With nerves of good porridge and mountain breeze born,
As hot as our fathers to joy to take part
In the fierce game of swords, and to laugh death to scorn.
The fighting Black Watch,
The pick of the Scotch,
The foremost in fame are the Highland Black Watch.
With the claymore and dirk, with the sporran and plaid,
With Wade first in Flanders we opened the game;
Next on Fontenoy's field what real grim work we had,
When we won Crawford's thanks and a full sheaf of
fame!
At Ticonderoga the sport, too, was hot,
How we stormed its curst breastworks till hundreds
there fell—
For that Georgie dubbed us his Royals, and not
A comrade but granted we'd won the name well;
In the far Western forests we fought and we bled;
Then the Caribs we chased 'neath the fierce torrid sun;

Next came our best day, of which all men have read,
When in Egypt the Sphinx for our bonnets we won;
Abercrombie's Black Watch,
His own fighting Scotch,
How Menou we thrashed, we, the famous Black Watch!
Alexandria's hero, brave Ralph's to us dear,
But as dear is the memory to us of our Moore;
At Corunna he knew well the lads without fear,
"Forty-Second," he said, "do as you've done before."
We with hunger were fierce from our long hard retreat,
But on Soult's swarming thousands we turned in our
track;
Our hero might fall, but he knew not defeat,
And his dying eyes gleamed as the foe we struck back.
The first at Busaco, Fuentes we won;
At Burgos we stormed; we can boast the Nivelle;
Resistless at Orthez; wherever a gun
Was heard, there we fought, and we know we fought well;
The Duke's famed Black Watch,
His own trusted Scotch,
Our Wellington's pride was his famous Black Watch.
Ah, men, how we showed them on Toulouse's day
How well we could win him and Britain renown!
"Forty-Second," said Pack, "I let you lead the way;"
Four-fifths of us fell, but the Frenchmen went down.
At Brussels we heard next our pipes' call to fight,
And through Soignies' wood marched their famed Ney's
charge to meet;
Nap's Marshals and men knew their trade; do 'em right;
It gave us some real work his Frenchmen to beat;
How their Lancers were on us ere we could form square,
But we fought back to back and amongst us they died;
There Davidson fell; brave Macrae too fell there,
And a host of our heroes remembered with pride.
They tried us Black Watch;
Did they ride down us Scotch?
How their Cuirassiers fell round our famous Black Watch!
"Nemo me impune lacessit." Who knows
Not the proud boast our rent colours forward still stream?
Who has struck us unharmed of our past century's foes?
That we're quite Quakers now, doesn't true to us seem;
Did we turn our cheeks tamely to be smitten when
At red Waterloo we stood calm 'neath the hail
Of shell and of shot for a long day, and then,
In that hell-storm of charges and balls, did we quail?
How we welcomed the Greys from their charge that rode
down
D'Erlon's best, France's bravest, upon that proud day!
How our shouts as we sheltered them, hailed their renown!
How our last charge swept Nap and his whole host away!
"At them!" The Black Watch,
Loosed at last, how we Scotch
Rolled up his Old Guard, with our glorious Black Watch!
They gave to our standard for that, "Waterloo."
Since then with our Campbell what glories we won:
Were the Black Watch not all to their fathers' fame true,
When we topped Alma's heights and the brave trick
was done?
Our "thin red streak tipped with its keen line of steel"
Balaclava saw fling back the Moscovite horse;
Just as ready for fight, boys, to-day we all feel,
Just as ready to fight and to win, boys, of course.
This barrack life's dull, boys, and sleepy enough;
We'd give up our girls for the drum and the fife;

Let the pibroch but call us, we're all the right stuff;
 The camp and the march and the fight will be life;
 We're the unchanged Black Watch,
 Just the same fighting Scotch,
 The sons of our fathers, the old famed Black Watch!

GREEN RICHMOND.

There's a name that I name, to my tongue, oh, how dear!
 There's a spot that I see, to my heart, oh, how near!
 How pleasant the sight
 Of that place to me seems,
 By day and by night,
 In my thoughts and my dreams!
 'Tis my own leafy Richmond, my own native Richmond,
 My Richmond that stands by the green winding Thames.
 In the tent, on the march, or on guard, or in fight,
 Still a dream of its trees and its hill comes to sight;
 By the camp-fire here,
 As I sit, boys, I sigh,
 As it rises so dear
 To fond memory's eye;
 And I see pleasant Richmond, my own leafy Richmond,
 My Richmond that stands by the clear winding Thames.
 But not only its slopes and its Park lawns, my thought
 Will cling to till all my life's battle is fought,
 For I mind too a face,
 And a smile too I mind,
 That in the dear place,
 Home again, I should find
 In my own lovely Richmond, my own leafy Richmond,
 My Richmond that stands by the broad winding Thames.
 What matter that strange stars are bright, boys, above?
 They're not brighter than those kind dear eyes that I love;
 And what's better, they are
 Afar, longing to see
 Their boy that's so far;
 How they'd light, seeing me
 Once again in green Richmond, my own pleasant Richmond
 My Richmond that stands by the clear winding Thames.

OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG.

Our Country, right or wrong!
 We know, my men, to us
 It never can belong
 About the why to fuss;
 Our rule must clearly be
 For her to long to fight;
 Commands we get, and we
 Must think all orders right;
 No duty we must shirk,
 Yet still we'll pray and long,
 While we do well our work,
 Our cause be right, not wrong.
 Our Country, right or wrong!
 We can but fight to win;
 To us does not belong
 The blame, if war be sin;
 Upon the heads, that lies
 Of those who give the word.
 And, faith! they should be wise
 And just who loose the sword.
 So while we nothing shirk
 Yet still we'll pray and long,
 While we do well our work,
 Our cause be right, not wrong.

Our Country, right or wrong!
 Old England's rule has been
 To stand against the strong,
 If strength, oppression, mean;
 To aid all lands that strike
 For freedom, to be free;
 And, say they what they like,
 That still our side should be;
 For, while we nothing shirk,
 Yet still we pray and long,
 While we do well our work,
 Our cause be right, not wrong.

Our country, right or wrong!
 God send our rulers pause
 If ever they can long
 To back an unjust cause;
 Our might is doubly might,
 That let our rulers know,
 When straight we strike for right,
 And plain, for justice, go.
 For, while we nothing shirk,
 Yet still, oh how we long,
 While we do well our work,
 Our cause be right, not wrong!

CAMP PHILOSOPHY.

Hang care! kill it;
 Every bullet has its billet;
 To live or to die is our fate;
 So let every man
 Fill his glass from the can,
 For moping and thought, let's hate;
 If caring would save
 A day from the grave,
 Would the day, boys, be worth the thought?
 The end comes at last,
 Either slow, boys, or fast,
 And a grave, when our battle is fought.
 Why, boys, be fussing?
 Soon we'll be bussing
 Our wives and our girls, we know;
 That is, if above
 Ground, we're left to love.
 And there's any of us home to go;
 But it wo'n't make us sure
 That our lives will endure
 To sulk and to mope and fuss;
 So send round the glass,
 To wife, child, and lass,
 And drink, boys, "All dear to us!"
 Hot work, 'twill be;
 What will be, will be;
 But, to-morrow night, to me 'tis clear,
 Though some, sure, will die,
 Neither you, boys, nor I,
 Round our fire will be wanting here.
 Of some, that bore, Death
 Will stop short the breath,
 But the scamps, boys, he passes by;
 A lot we're too bad
 By heaven to be had,
 So we're booked, boys, to 'scape, you and I.

No. 3 will be ready May 1st.

No. 2.

ONE PENNY.



SONGS FOR SOLDIERS

BY
W. C. BENNETT,

Author of "Songs for Sailors," "Sea Songs," "Songs by a Song Writer," &c., &c.

CONTENTS.

Song of The Dirty Half-Hundred
The Girls we've left behind us.
My Faith.
Song of The Fighting Buffs.
A Soldier am I.
The Delhi Magazine.
Round the Camp-Fire.

Before the Battle.
Our Soldiers' Creed.
Song of The Black Watch.
Green Richmond.
Our Country, right or wrong.
Camp Philosophy.

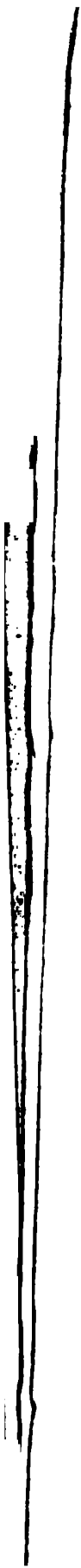
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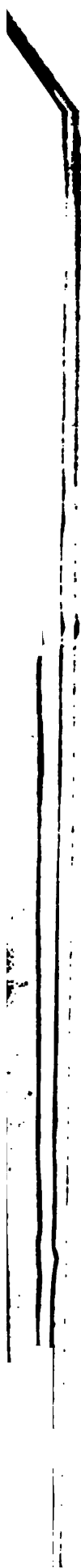


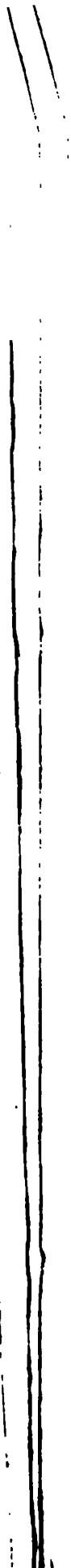
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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

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